

President Young suggested, shyly,
That to hold her hand might pay.

Jokes aside, I love you, Phyllis,
You're just like I love my girls,
Full of life and faith and virtue,
From your toes up to your curls.

When today you told each other
In the presence of your God,
That you'd love and care forever,
On beyond your burial sod,

Then you leaned and kissed each other,
I remember how I felt—
Right there at that holy altar
You became one as you knelt.

One in happiness or sadness,
One in poverty or wealth,
One in prayer for lovely children,
One in sickness or in health.

Now, I pray your dreams will ripen
Into righteous family life,
Phyllis, turn and kiss your husband,
Reuben, will you kiss your wife?

**A TOAST TO LILY AND REED
ON THEIR DEPARTURE TO AMERICAN FORK
JULY 14, 1949**

(The Merry Eves at the Power Plant Park)

We are rather heavy hearted in our frolic here tonight,
We hate to see another of our couples take a flight,
Whenever loved ones leave us, leave for keeps or just a year,
We like to talk 'em over; settle down and lend an ear.

Reed is quiet, steady, constant, with ability unseen,
He's athletic, strong and tender, he is pleasant, he is
keen,

As head man of our Sunday School he's kept our love for
years,
I've never seen a leader stay so humble, without fears.

Reed is "tops" with all our children, he's respected by the
old,
He considers fellow workers, he's dependable as gold.
He's a balanced, all round fellow, with a lovely way of life,
But he'd never, ever got there without Lily for a wife.

When I first remember Lily she was leading in a play,
She won my admiration with her easy, charming way,
She was young and small and snappy, versatile and full of
life,
I was told, with some misgivings, she was mother and a
wife.

She's untiring as a worker with her family and her home,
She makes them learn their lessons and then puts them on
their own,
Then, when they know their lessons, and all the work is
done,
She tears out one more partition and she calls it "having
fun."

Lily, you're a pretty woman, you're efficient, tried and true;
You have served your church and family; we respect and
honor you.
You are useful and are willing and can help in any need;
But you'd never, ever got there without help from one like
Reed.

Friends, we've stood near in your mourning, we've enjoyed
you in your play,
We've known you in your church life, lived by you day by
day,
Yes, we even know your failings and your weaknesses,
though few,

And we love you and we know that God will bless you as we do.

Note: Reed was manager of our Heber Mutual Creamery and Cheese Factory. He was so kind and good and patient to our kids, and others who loved cheese trimmings.

Tribute and foolishness to my dear friend, Mildred Poorman Lawrence; written on the occasion of her release from the Presidency of the Relief Society, at the request of another very dear friend, Mary Mahoney. [I rather imagine Mildred will guess the author].

In my boyhood I thrilled to the stories
Of the author Horatio Algier,
How a lad, like a "Poorman" or orphan
Raised himself and his fellows from fear.

Now today we've a lady, a "Poorman,"
Not a story, a girl in real life,
She plodded, she plotted, she conquered,
And now she's a "rich florist's" wife.

As a housekeeper Mildred is perfect,
Her cooking is better than fine;
Any friend or relation or stranger
Finds good food and a welcome divine.

She's lived with her family and business,
She's been their right hand and their heart;
She's never complained although weary,
She's always done more than her part.

Her first child, sweet, smiling and lovely,
Her Jacklin, the pride of her heart!
So good in her home, or her mother's,
Like Mildred in doing her part.

Her second, named Joseph for father,
(And grandfather shared in that joy);
Her third she called Max, her fourth Raynor—

Splendid sons, rightly proud of each boy.

Like Sarah of Old she bore Johnny,
When she just rightly couldn't expect,
Like Abraham, Joe took full credit,
Johnny's life is not one of neglect.

When the doctor said "Johnny is dying"
What a privilege to share Mildred's prayer,
What an honor to share their rejoicing
When in moments God answered it—there.

Max's mission brought joy to his mother,
She lived out each journey and stop—
And now, Raynor's call (in the offing)
Swells her pride, puts her heart near the top.

The OPENING!—that tense deer hunt moment!
First rifle shots tingle your spine,
The women have made a great killing,
The victim, a fool porcupine.

The coming of Hazel was testing,
Could Mildred extend her great love
Beyond bounds of race and of kindred?
She would surely need help from above.

Well, Hazel is back and is happy
And so are Mildred and Joe,
Our sweet indian girl is responding
And Mildred's achieving, we know.

This trio—Mae, Lula and Mildred,
I've seen them serve families in tears,
Luscious food, tender hearts, willing mop sticks,
Rich or poor, old or tender in years.

When the problem was "what shall we feed them?"
Something different, original, smart,
We'll bring 'pot luck,' surprises are spicy,"
Mildred's salad was always her part.

If a quilt is the project, the sisters
Love to gather to Mildred's to sew,
We hear laughter and whispers and buzzing,
And it's hard to stay downstairs with Joe.

Her smile is so sweet and contagious,
Her laughter is pleasant to hear,
If Violet and I are downhearted
We go to her home and find cheer.

She's "medicine good" for our florist,
(And he can get down in the dumps),
With patience and sweetness and satire
She loves him, and cushions his bumps.

I don't know a husband more lucky
Or a family more blessed from above,
Or a home where the heart is more mother,
Or a mother more radiant with love.

AROUND THE BLOCK CHRISTMAS TIME, 1971

Mildred came up to reminisce,
To love and get some love
With Mom and I and "Merry Eves,"
And others here "above."

Last night while they were on the prowl
I studied, weary eyed,
I tried the "Y" game, then dozed off—
That sleepy tub! I died.

Now early morning Morpheus
And women have a date,
While I'm awakened by "the muse"
And told it's getting late.

I'm thinking how, in long ago
The Lawrence car would stop,
"Let's take a ride around the block."
We'd nearly blow our top,

"We just can't go! We're stumped! We're stuck!"
"Please, just around the block."
And then our hair would tumble down
A listenin' to his talk.

That "block" could be the Midway Lane
And back the river road
The Provo Canyon (Parley route)
He never even knowed!

Tryol Lake, Mt. Baldy, Evanston,
Wolf Creek, The Golden Stair,
Ace Bether's place to buy some gum;
You never could guess where,

But, we had fun and we relaxed,
And loved and loved some more,
And built sweet friendship that endured
And will forevermore.

One "block" was several thousand miles
Through Mormon shrines and lore,
That good one found us stuck in snow
And so did dozens more.

We'd dig 'er out or go for help,
We'd take turns getting mad,
But Mildred's Joe put on the show,
He'd look just like his dad.

We hunted deer and "porcupine"
From Timp to Timbaktu,
We filled our "nets" in Strawberry
And Little Valley, too.

We shared each others joys and tears,
We, each one did our part,
We never could tell who did most,
Each worked into each heart.

Now, in a week, or year or more
When we three take that walk
Joe'll call out from his "phantom ship,"
"Let's ride around the block."

**SOME LIMERICKS AT A
MERRY EVES PARTY
JULY 11, 1939**

(By request)

Well, everyone's getting the rub,
I will make you a fool or a scrub,
Now if you can't take it,
Speak up, I shan't make it ...
Silence? Poor Merry Eves Club.

"Oh, Irwin, I'm feeling so queer,
I have nausea and fever I fear,
Does my tongue have a coat?"
Irwin's laugh got her goat,
"Grass don't grow on a race track, my dear."

Kays and Olpins just took their vacation
Out on the west coast of the nation,
"If Sal Rand you must see,
Joe, it's all right with me,
But you sure don't need that stimulation!"

But Leah and Millie got clear
And saw all the sights without fear,
"Lee, we saw Sally Rand
And she simply is grand,
I am sure it would help you, my dear."

But the homecoming's always the best,
Tom took Millie again to his breast,
"What the hell's happened, dear?
You are acting so queer ..."
"Tom, the movies want me for a test."

"Don, you have, oh, such beautiful hair,
You are perfect in kindness and care,

You're as good as D.A.
And much better than Clay,
Don't you think we could go to the fair?"

Joe Witt brags of a huge pregnant cow,
It is triplets or quintts he'll avow,
So the gang calls his hand
And goes out to his land,
She's not even expecting, not now.

Ren's the boss of the power and light,
He makes Isabell tremble with fright!
At the plant, on the line
He says, "Power is mine!"
But he changes his tune every night.

(1) Reed's is one of the creamery's best plants,
He allows his employees no "can'ts."
But at home, if you please
He's a big piece of cheese,
There he wears no proverbial pants.

Now Texaco gas is the best,
And a Swedish wife beats all the rest,
"With my gas and my mate,
And more traffic—out state—
I should now with more babies be blessed."

(2) We took Jean out to pick up her man,
Then, the wax mine to meet with the clan,
There a cowpuncher said,
"Walt, don't go home to bed,
For tomorrow we work, if you can."

(3) Some queer hobbies are not understood,
Now Atha's and Ethel's are good.
Atha's plan is to mould
An ideal out of "gold,"
While Eth. makes a man out of "Wood."

When you go home take out Webster's big book,

And look up the meaning of "Crook,"

And then look up "Grace,"

Right and wrong, face to face

"To be bent, to be smooth, a small hook."

(4) At a weekly Third Ward Bishop's meet

'Rose an argument, bitter with heat,

Ruby said, "Damn it all

I'll have my way or bawl."

But, Mina won, Ralph is so sweet.

(5) Well, the county our "motor" did trust
To the Sheriff, the one with the bust,

Lee said, "Careful, my dear,

Bliss's place is so near

To Joe Olpin's, be careful, you must!"

A dashing young batch from "the Creek,"
Struck misfortune and fell from his peak,

A little blond clerk

Gave his hard heart a jerk,

Now he's tamed and he's gentle and meek.

Were Lord Tennyson with us today

He would add to his "Idylls" and say

"Lancelot and Elaine,"

And "Loves Mission Refrain,

Venola and Francis In May."

"Hebe, Awake! Opportunity knocks,
Little Cupid would open the locks."

"Birdie, go back to sleep

If you have to count sheep,

All day long I play post office box."

"Well, girls, I just hate to withdraw
To prepare a good supper for Pa."

Mina later dropped in

And discovered her sin,

Vestus got bread and milk, and the law.

Now a cord means a measure of wood,

And a card means a joker, that's good,
And a string and a car,

And a game and a war,

Yet, when Marion called, Card understood.

The Lord sent our Helen to earth

Partly English, part French by her birth,

She married a Scott

And believe it or not

They're so perfect I cannot make mirth.

And now that my fun is complete
And you've had rubs and chickens to eat,
Don't take me to task for it

All of you asked for it,

And please don't think vengeance is sweet.

(1) Reed ran the Mutual Creamery's local cheese factory.

(2) Walt was herding at Mill B,—Lars Mahoney was the

cowboy.

(3) Earl Gold Montgomery, Clyde Wood Broadbent.

(4) Irwin was a counselor to Bishop Ralph Giles.

(5) Bliss Titus had a garage across from the mortuary. Bert

and his motorcycle were frequently there.

SEPTEMBER 1971

Note to Joseph W. Lawrence III at the time he was married.

Because we can't come to your "shin-dig"

We hope you won't feel any "indig,"

So give Mildred a kiss

With each other find bliss,

Buy a wee little gift with this "fin" (dig?)

AUNT CRISSIE

When the Lord made "Uncle William"

He'd misplaced His "perfect" mould,

So He looked into His mirror

While He carved a man of gold.

